



Barney & Betty

NO. 22 OCT  
00006 76/CDC  
30¢ UK 10P



ALL  
NEW

CHARLTON  
PUBLICATION

The FLINTSTONES' NEIGHBORS  
**Barney & Betty**  
**RUBBLE**

a Hanna-Barbera  
Production



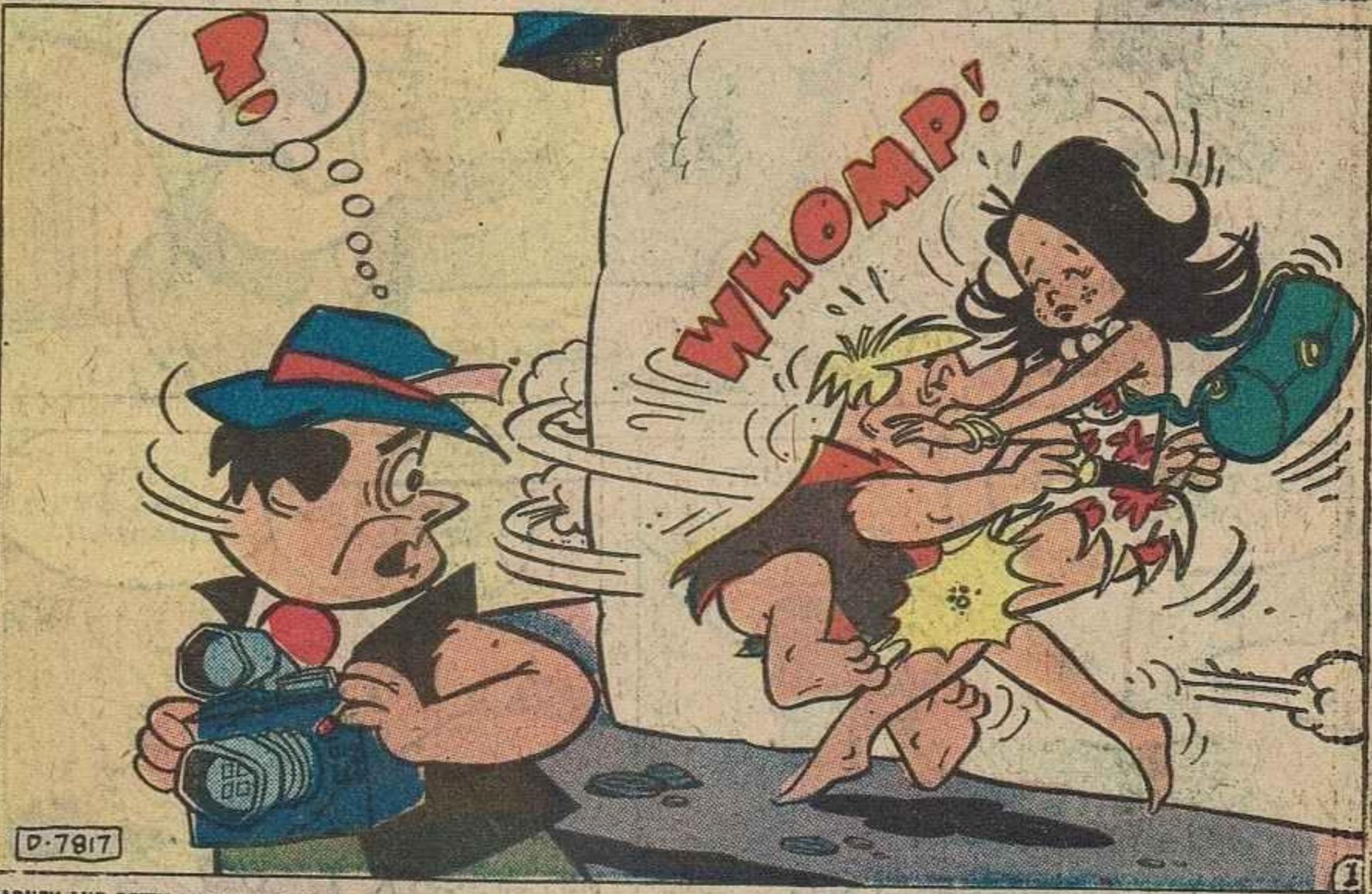
**Barney & Betty**  
RUBBLE

# BUMP CHOMP



I MUST HURRY!  
BETTY'S WAITING  
FOR ME!

I MUST HURRY!  
I'M DUE AT THE  
THEATRE!



D-7817

**BARNEY AND BETTY RUBBLE** Vol. 4, No. 22, October, 1976;

Published bimonthly by CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC. at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. John Santangelo Jr., Publisher. George A. Wildman, Executive Editor. 30¢ per copy. Subscription \$1.80 annually. Printed in U.S.A. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, 114 E 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (212-696-9050). © 1976 HANNA-BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC. International copyright secured. All rights reserved.



WHERE'S  
BARNEY?  
HE'S LATE!

... AND NOW ON  
THE ROMANTIC  
FRONT...

CARY TAILOR  
BORE HAS  
A NEW  
BOYFRIEND!

GASP!  
THAT'S MY  
BARNEY!



GRRRR!

BETTY! GUESS  
WHO I JUST  
RAN INTO?

BETTY, IS  
SOMETHING  
WRONG?

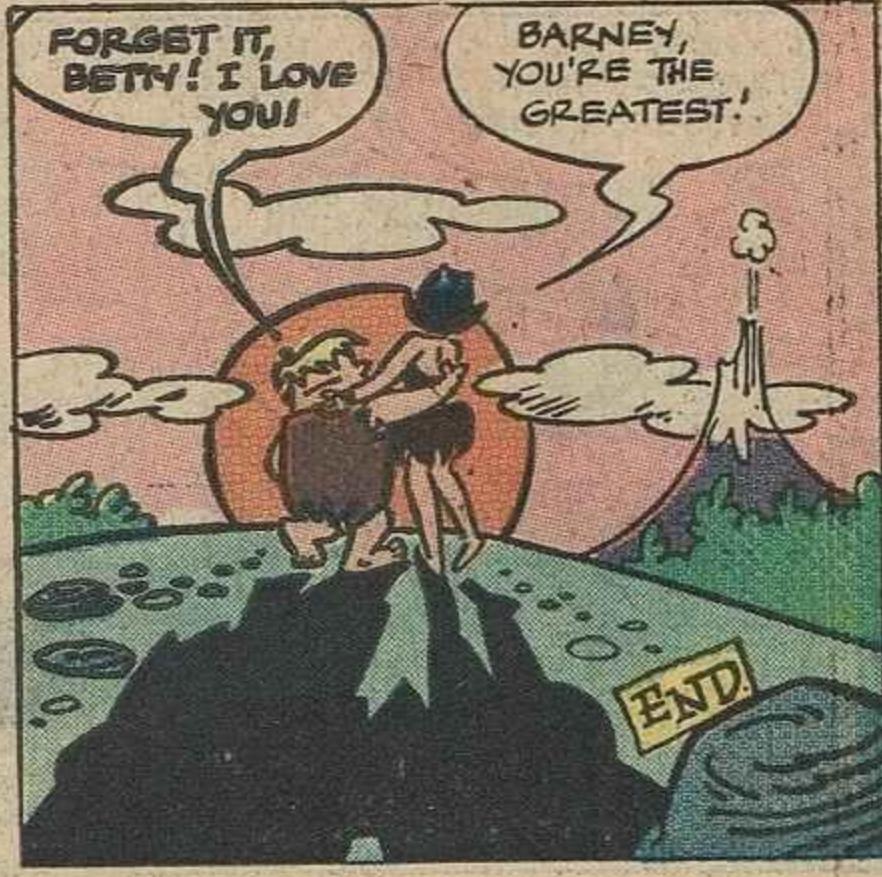


I KNOW ALL  
ABOUT YOU AND  
CARY TAILOR BORE!

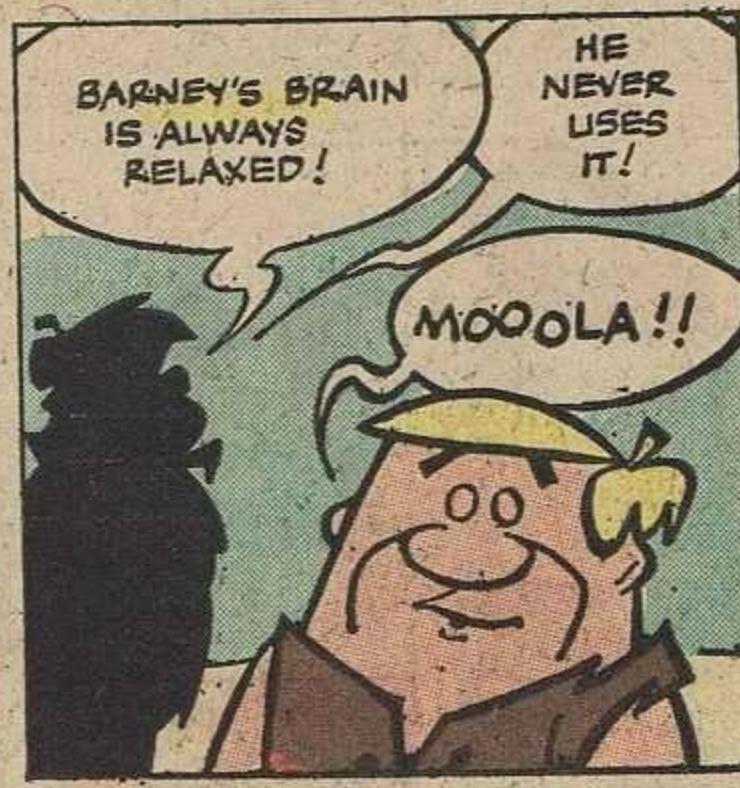
THERE MUST  
BE SOME  
MISTAKE!

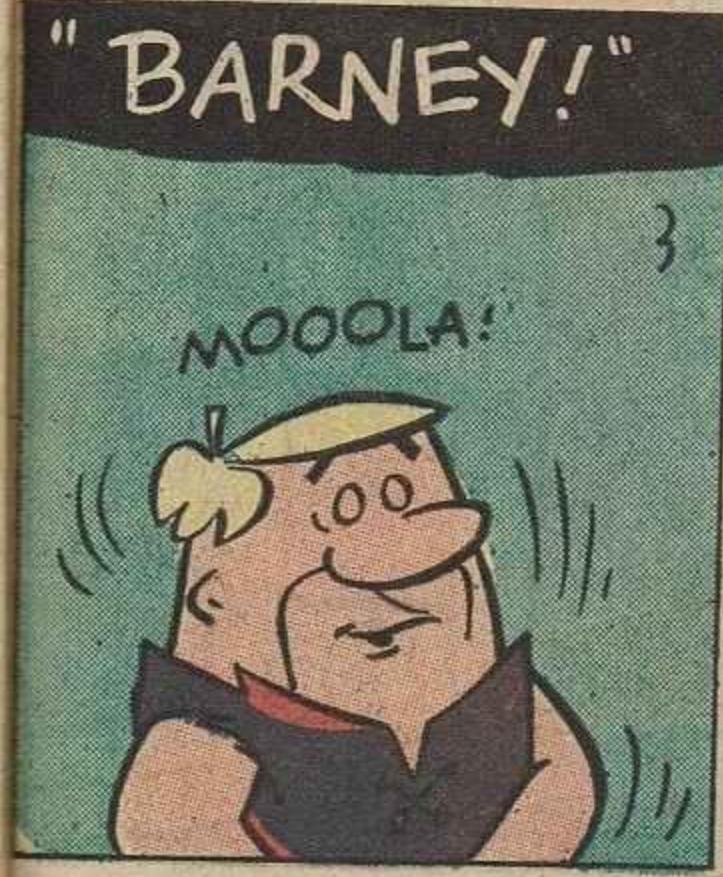
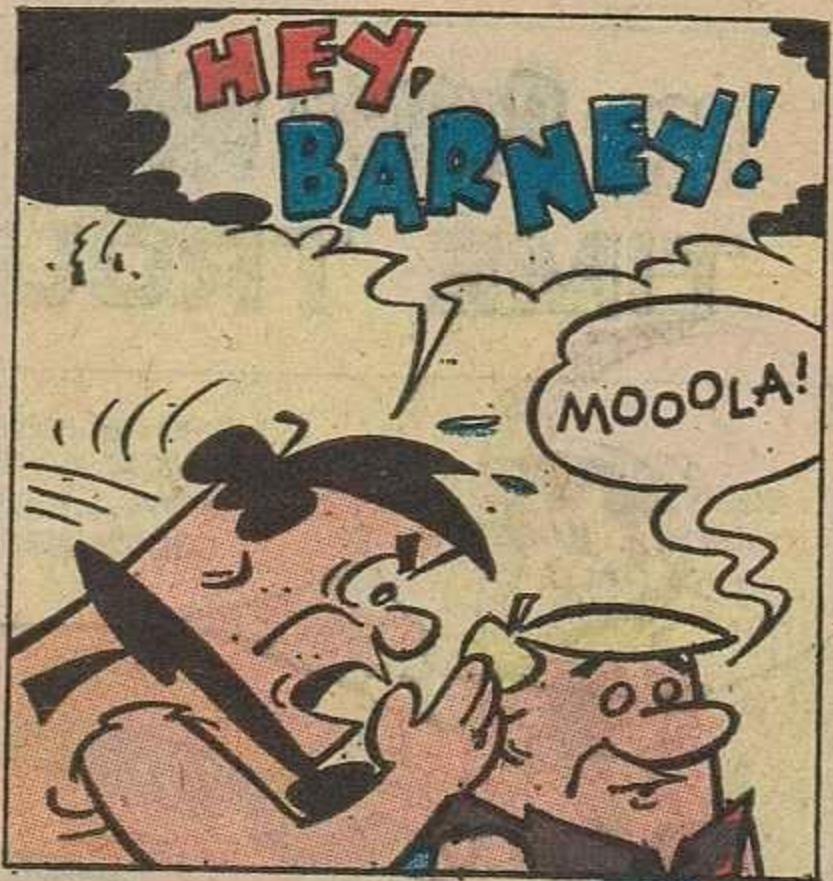
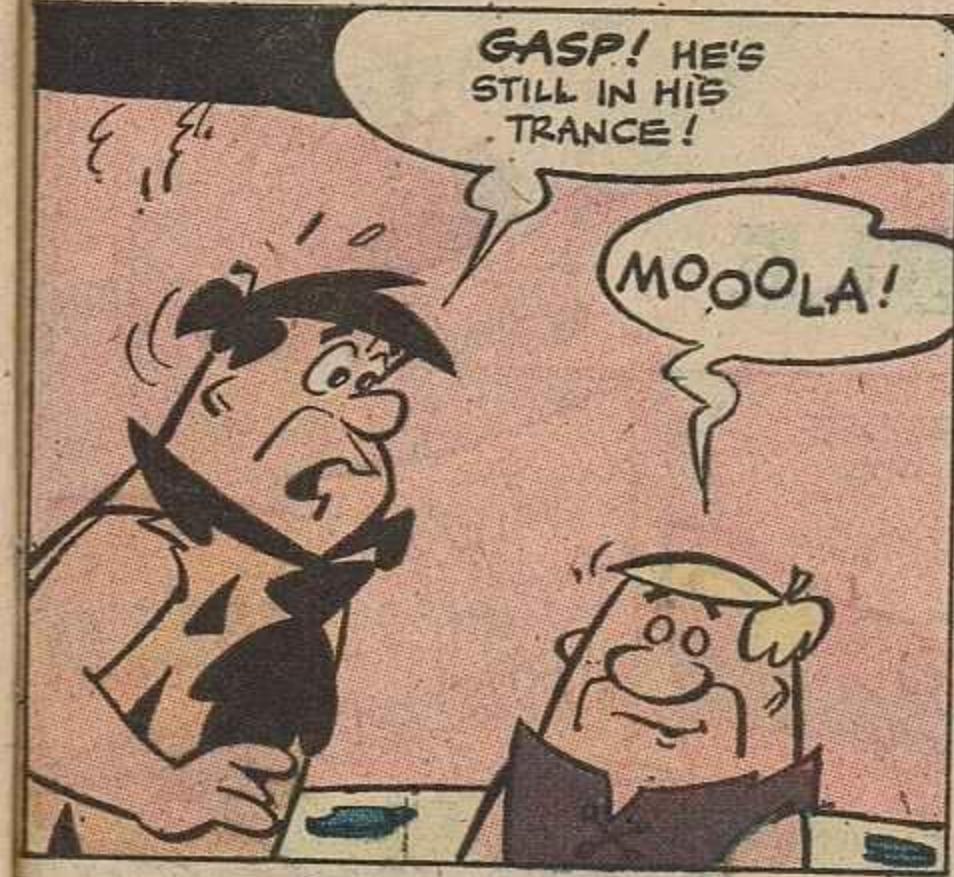
THE ONLY  
MISTAKE WAS WHEN  
I MARRIED  
YOU!





# Barney & Betty TRANCE TRAUMA





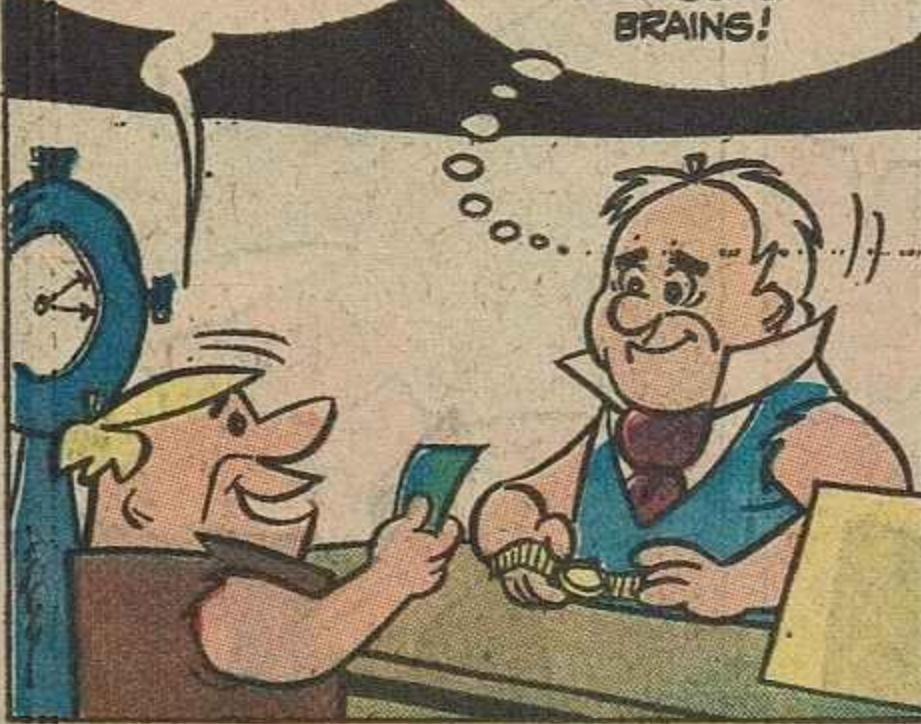
# Barney & Betty TIME TROUBLE

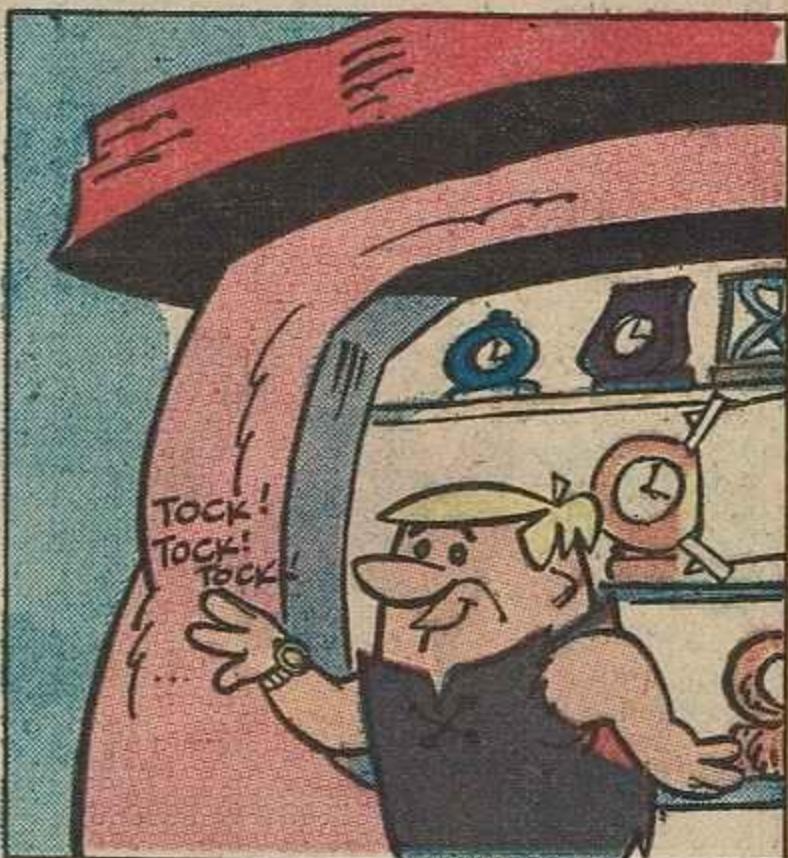


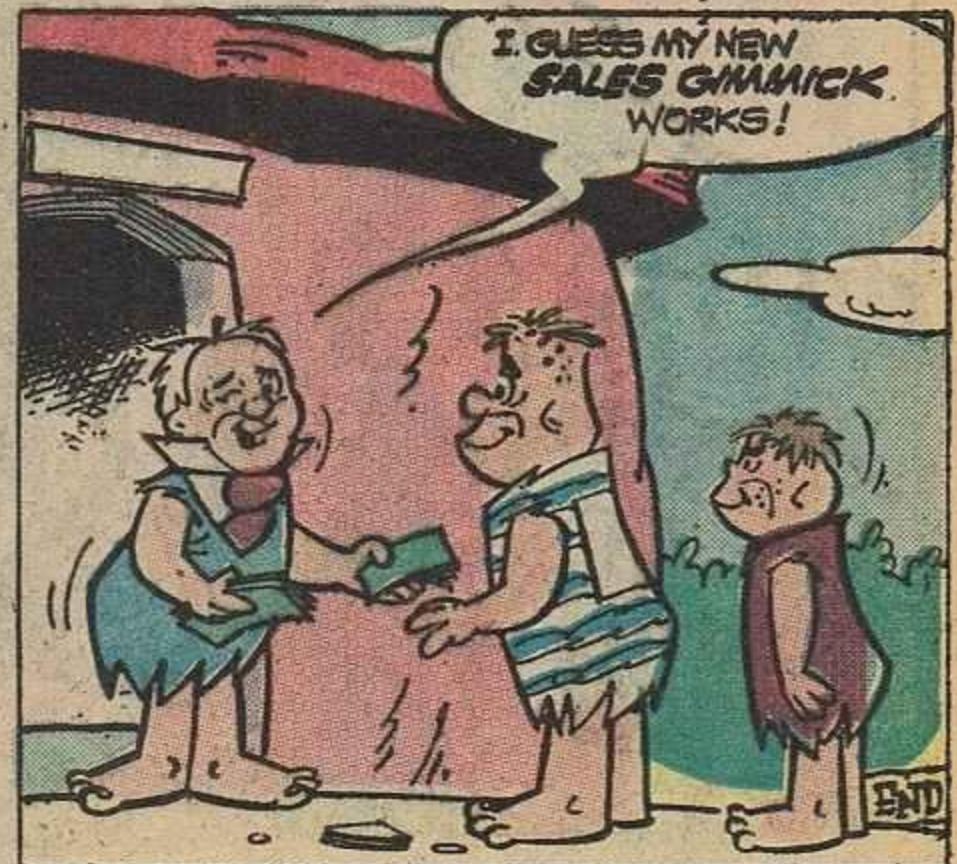
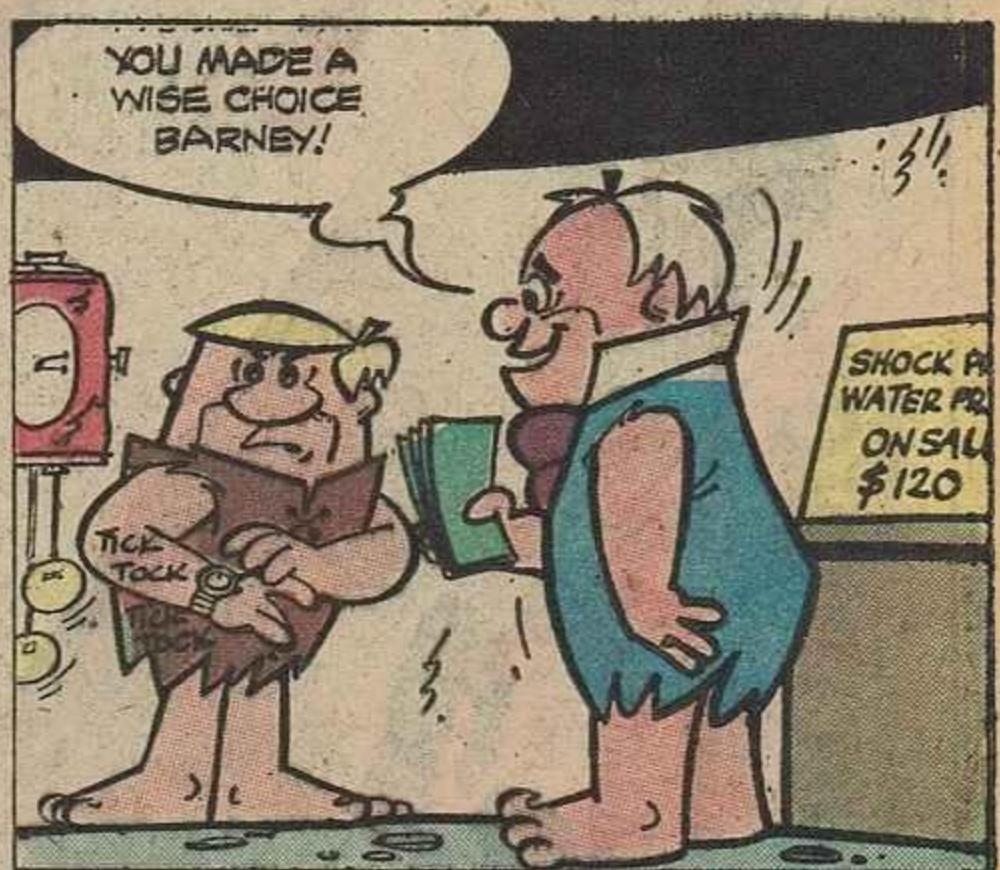
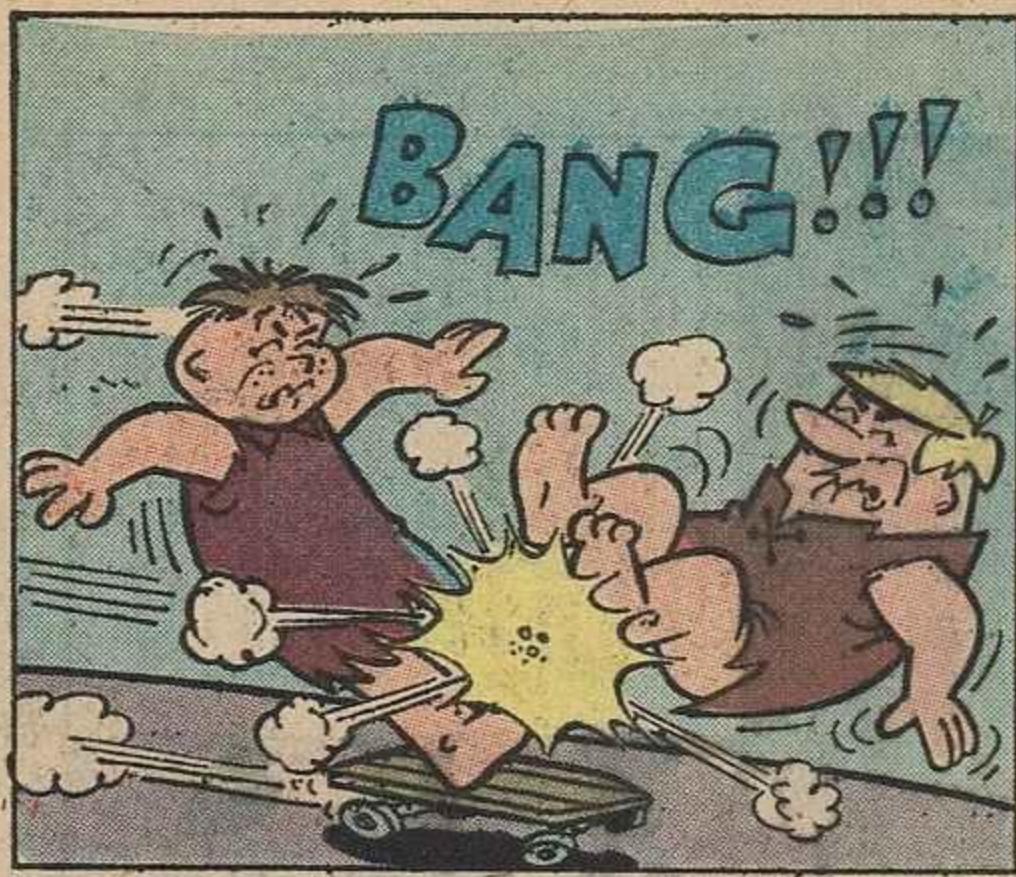
I NEED A NEW  
WATCH!

YOU COULD USE  
A NEW HEAD, BODY,  
AND SOME  
BRAINS!

UGGG! MY CLOCKS  
HAVE BETTER FACES  
THAN THAT RUNT!







# Barney & Betty

## GRANDMA RUBBLE'S RECIPE

BARNEY ALWAYS SAID YOUR DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE WITH COCONUT ICING AND CREAM FILLING WAS THE BEST HE EVER TASTED!

YOU'VE GOT THE RECIPE, BETTY. BUT DON'T FORGET THE YARDSTICK!

YARDSTICK? DID SHE PUT A YARDSTICK IN THE CAKE?



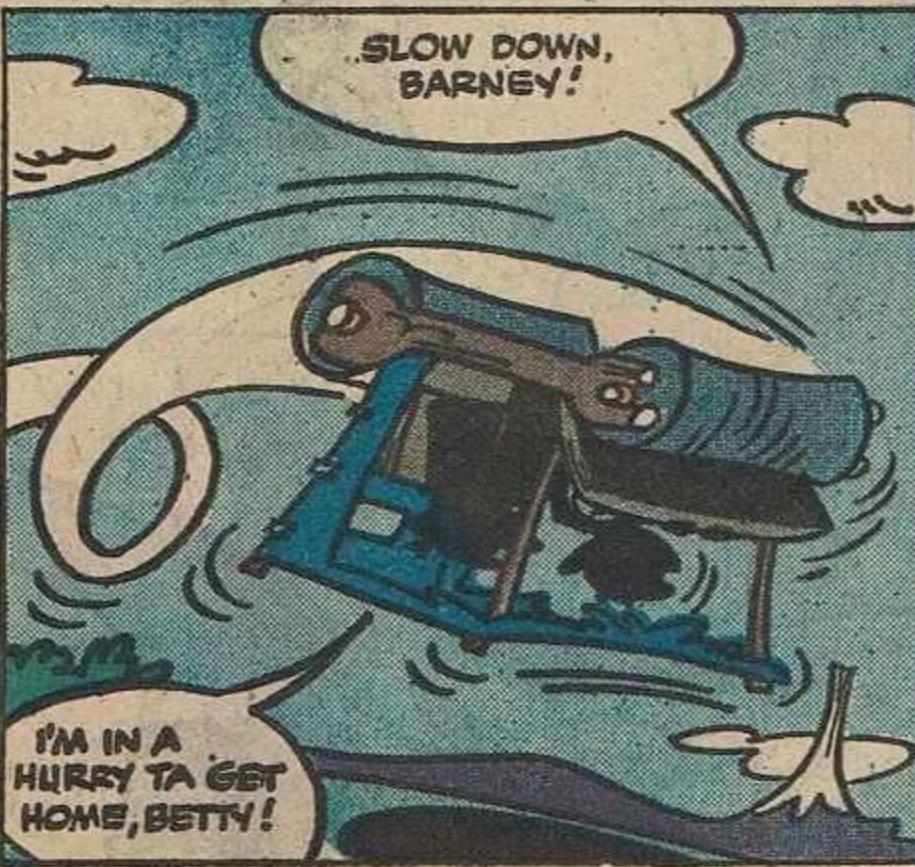
D.8196  
WHAT'S THE YARD-STICK FOR, GRANDMA RUBBLE?

THE STICK - IS...

TO HIT BARNEY WHEN THE RASCAL TRIES TO TASTE THE ICING!

YOWCH!





CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE



THE CONTEST CAKE THE  
BOYS STEAL WILL TASTE  
TERRIBLE!



FRED,  
LOOK!  
DINO,  
NO!



BETTY'S  
CONTEST  
CAKE!

NOW, WE  
CAN'T EAT  
OUR  
CAKE!

WE  
GOTTA PUT  
IT IN PLACE  
OF THE ONE  
DINO ATE!

I'LL CARRY  
THE CAKE,  
BARNEY.

BY THE WAY, BARNEY...  
THE GRAND MASTER OF THE  
LODGE WANTS YOU AND FRED  
TO GET TO THE CAKE BAKE-  
OFF EARLY.



ISN'T IT  
NICE THEY  
MADE FRED  
AND BARNEY  
THE JUDGES!

THIS IS  
THE  
WINNING  
CAKE!

THAT'S RIGHT!  
IT LOOKS  
TERRIFIC!

AS A  
REWARD FOR  
JUDGING THE CON-  
TEST YOU GET TO  
EAT THE  
WINNING  
ENTRY!

WHAT'S WRONG,  
BOYS? DON'T  
YOU LIKE  
THE CAKE?

YUUUCCH!  
IT... IT'S  
DELICIOUS!

YEAH.  
CHOKE. BEST  
CAKE I  
EVER ATE!



END.

# SPiTE FiGHT



"Quiet, Rubble! The master is now going to show you how to belt a croquet ball," said Fred Flintstone as he lined up his mallet with the ball before him.

Fred wound up like a spring and cracked the ball with his club. The croquet ball sailed through the air over Fred's back yard. Instead of going where Fred had aimed, it sailed near the boundary line between Barney's back yard and Fred's — which was supposed to be out of bounds.

"The ball is in my yard. It's out of bounds. You lose a turn, old buddy!" laughed Barney as he pointed at the spot where Fred's ball had landed.

"That shot is good! The ball is still in bounds," argued Fred. "The property line between our yards is a little further away," he added as he pointed at an imaginary line beyond the spot where his ball was re-

"Don't give me that, Fats!" snapped Barney. "I know what is my property and what isn't! You don't want to miss a turn. The ball is out of bounds and you're trying to cheat me!"

"I could beat you if I was blindfolded," answered Fred. "This has nothing to do with who is cheating who! The rules state that if a ball lands in your yard, it's out of bounds. If it stays in my yard, it's in bounds. The ball is in my yard, so it's still in play," screamed Fred as he waved his mallet in front of Barney's nose.

"You have never beaten me in croquet, and that ball is in my yard. It's out of bounds!" yelled Barney angrily.

"It is in bounds!" replied Fred.

"It isn't!" argued Barney.

Soon, the argument was way out of hand. Barney was screaming! Fred was yelling! They were threaten-

ing to do all kinds of terrible things to each other just because they couldn't agree on where the border between their yards was located.

"I'll get a surveyor to come over here! He'll look at the deeds to our house and decide which of us is right," suggested Fred.

"That sounds good to me," agreed Barney.



Fred rushed into his house and phoned a surveyor who came right over. He studied the deeds to the two houses and then mapped out the yards. It turned out that Fred's croquet ball was right on the borderline between the two yards.

"Now, we can go on with the game; after you lose a turn," said Barney.

"Why should I lose a turn?" Fred snapped. "The ball is only half out of bounds!"

"Okay, wiseguy, then only hit half of your stupid ball!" mocked Barney. "No matter what you do, I'm still going to beat you!"

"Wrong, Rubble!" said Fred, who was losing his temper. "I'm going to beat you!" Fred raised his croquet mallet and began to beat Barney over the head with it.

"You'll be sorry you did that, Fatty!" warned Barney. "I'm going to build a fence between our yards so there will be no questions about how much property I own and how much property you own!"

"That sounds fine to me," Fred called as his friend

stormed off in a huff. "If you're going to build a fence, then I'm going to build a fence too!"

That very afternoon, Barney began to build a fence between the two yards. It was hard work, but after a few hours he had erected a high, wooden fence.

As soon as Barney was finished, Fred went to work. He built a high, wooden fence right on top of Barney's fence.

When Barney saw what Fred was doing, he refused to be outdone. He built another fence on top of Fred's fence.

Fence after fence went up, up, up into the sky. Soon the stack of fences was as high as a building.

Fred and Barney were both on ladders hammering nails into their spite fences when the entire structure began to wobble.

"Hold on, Barney! The fence is collapsing," Fred shouted. Suddenly, the entire thing fell apart. Crash! Everything landed all over both back yards. Fred fell into Barney's yard and Barney fell into Fred's.

"Look at all the boards and mess we have to clean up just because we were spiteful," said Barney as he shook his head in dismay.



The two friends were sorry and apologized to each other before they started to clean everything up.

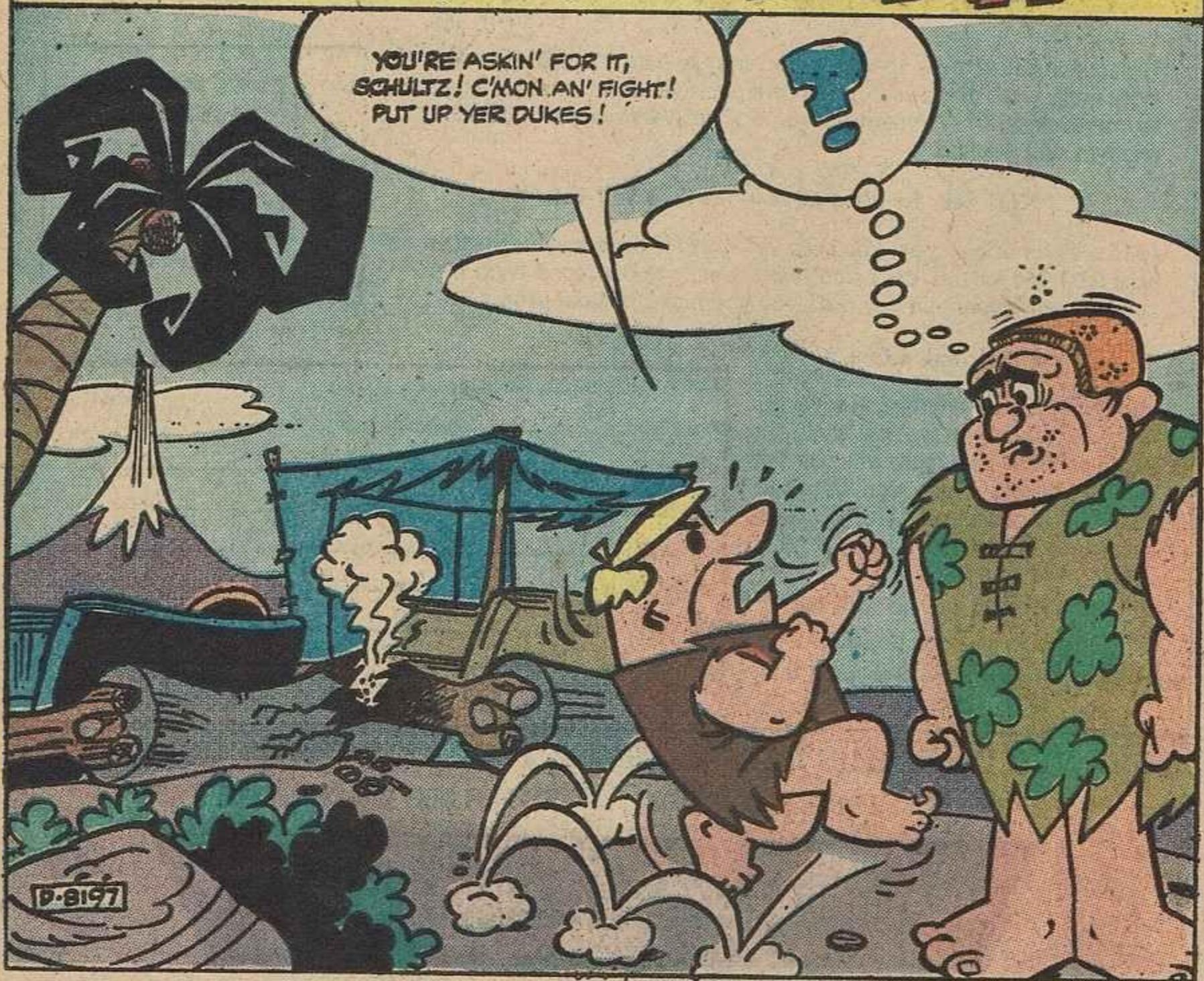
"I've got an idea," suggested Fred. "You clean up your side and I'll clean up mine!"

"Let's not start that all over again," laughed Barney.



Barney & Betty

# HIA, SHORTY!



WHY DIDN'T YA  
HIT 'IM BACK,  
SHORTY?

THAT'S  
WHY!

HUH? OH, YA  
MEAN YA COULON'T  
REACH HIM!

BEND DOWN,  
FRED.

LIKE  
THIS?

A LITTLE  
MORE!

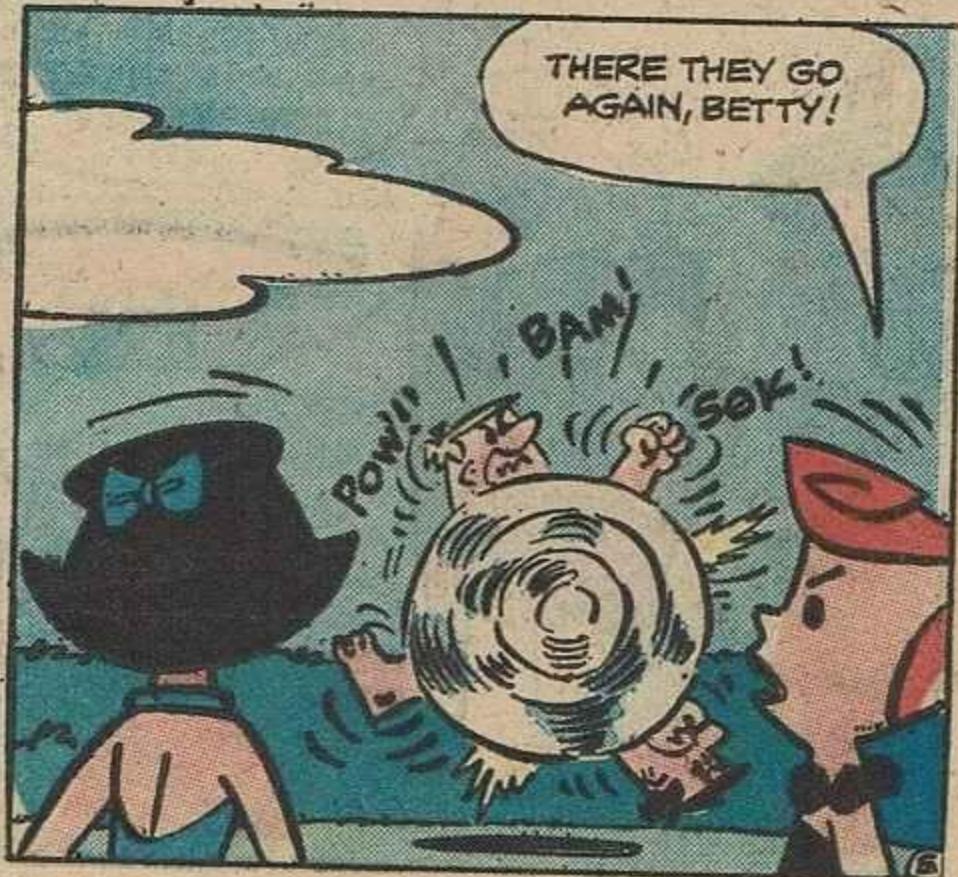
THAT'S  
PERFECT!

IF I WUZ AS TALL  
AS THEM, I'D  
SHOW 'EM!

I GOT  
AN IDEA!







I DON'T MIND  
IF THEY FIGHT...  
BUT WHEN THEY  
STEP ON MY  
TAIL, THEY'RE  
GOING TOO  
FAR!

GRRRR!



WATCH THIS,  
FOLKS!



HOLD IT!  
HOLD IT!



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE



